

## A SONNETT OF SPRING FASHIONS

MY CHLOE has asked for a sonnet  
To hymn her cœrulean hat.  
Of course I mayn't call it a bonnet  
(Though the rhyme would come awfully pat).  
It has cherries and strawberries on it,  
It's trimmed with the tail of a rat.  
I think that this verse, if she con it,  
Is likely to fall very flat.

Better luck, as I hope, with the sestet.  
I cannot write sonnets, my Chloe,  
They turn out so terribly doughy !  
I only write this, as you pressed it.  
Though now, you'll admit it, it looks showy,  
In writing I heartily blest it !